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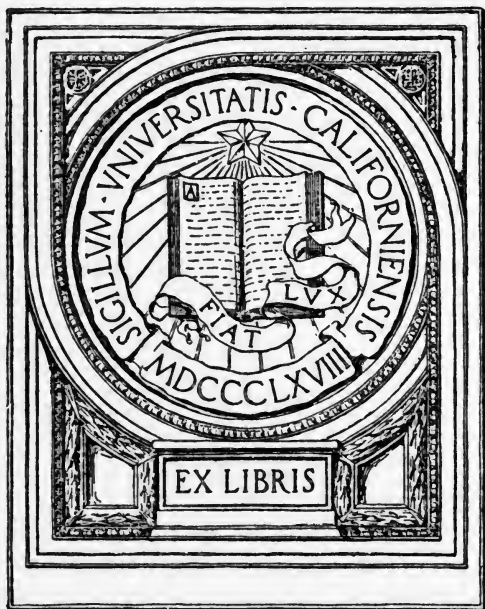
A DORIC REED

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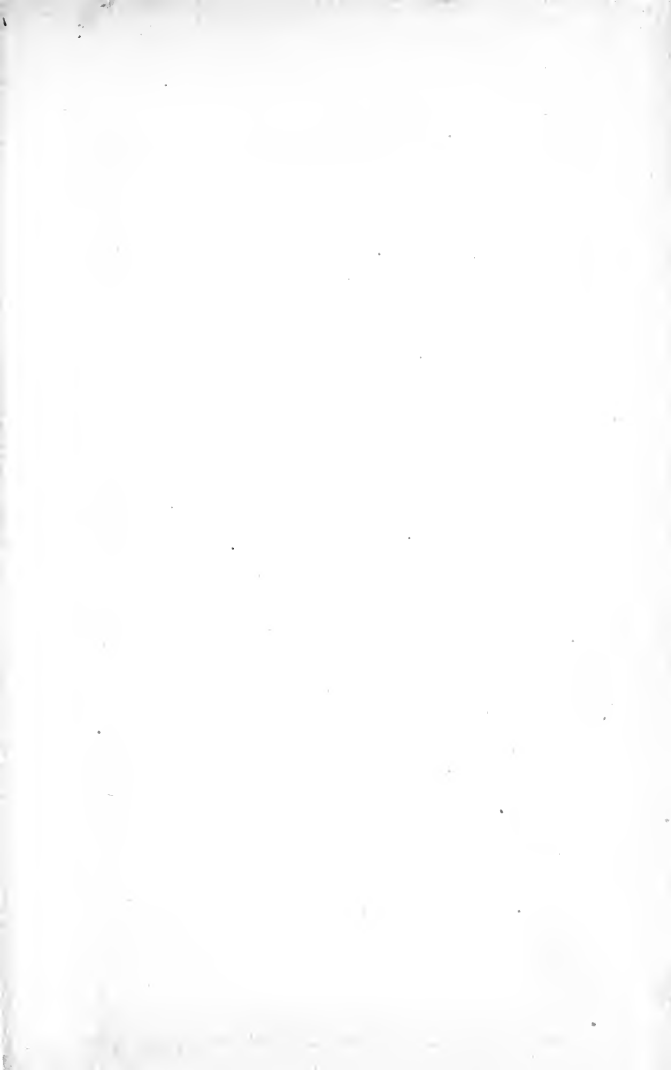
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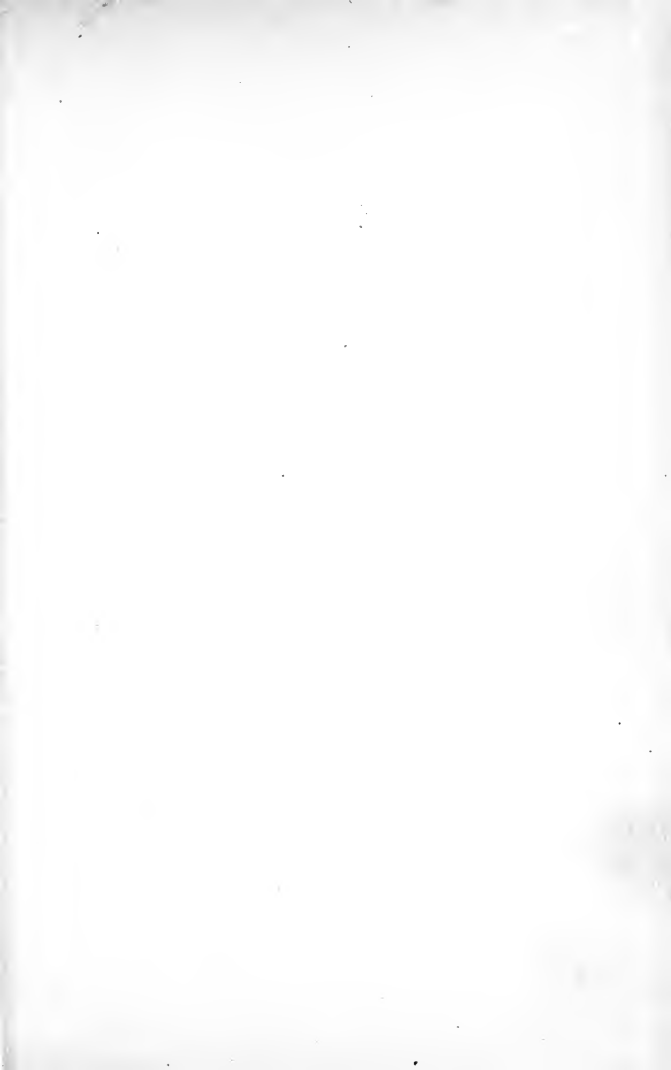
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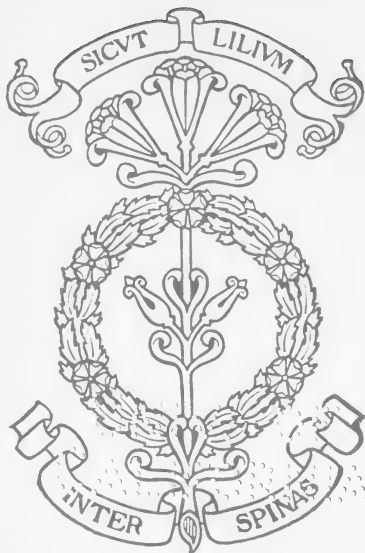
# OATEN STOP SERIES

## II



# A DORIC REED

BY ZITELLA COCKE



BOSTON COPELAND AND DAY  
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Gift of  
Professor Hinds

TO THE  
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THIS BOOK IS DEDICATED TO THE MEMORY  
OF MY BROTHER, JOHN BINION COCKE,  
WHOSE NOBILITY OF SOUL ENDEARED  
HIM TO HONORABLE MEN AND  
TRUE WOMEN.

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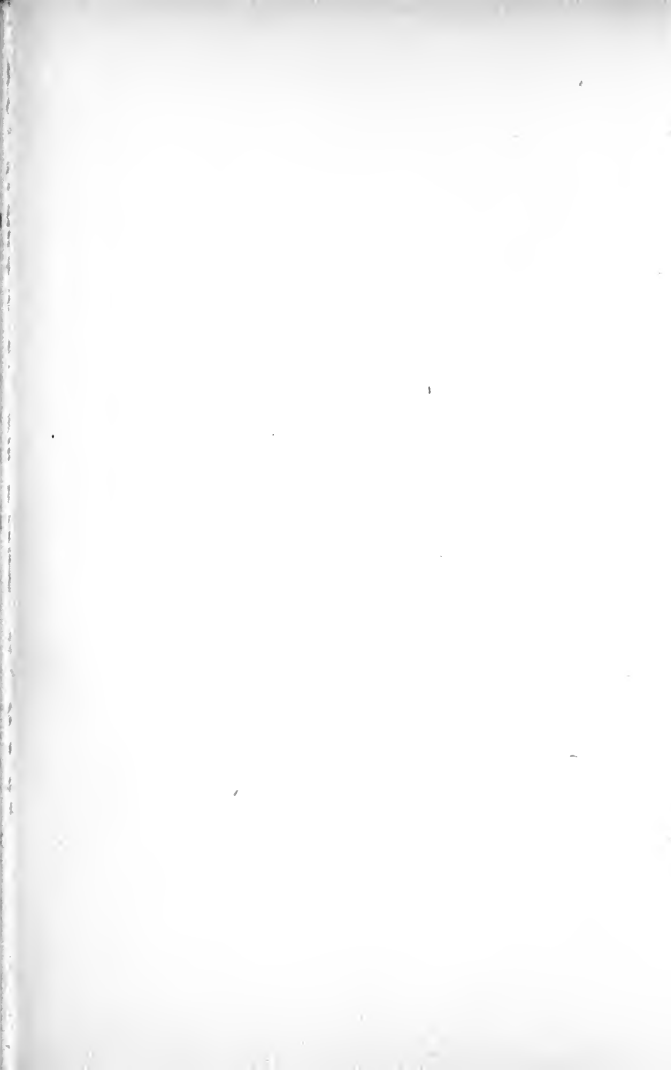
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## A DORIC REED



### SUNRISE IN AN ALABAMA CANEBRAKE

THE lordly sun, rising from underworld,  
Shoots yellow beams aslant the tangled  
brake ;  
Magnolia, with her mirror leaves unfurled,  
Hath caught the glancing radiances that  
make  
Bright aureoles around her virgin bloom —  
A pale madonna, 'neath her hood of  
green,  
With unprofanèd cheek and brow serene ;  
The pines upon the uplands merge from  
gloom  
Of night, and with the dawn's intenser glow  
Their serried lances bright and brighter  
grow!

The conquering light ever ascending higher  
Fills Alabama's stream with molten fire ;

## A DORIC REED

A myriad rays pierce down the wooded  
slopes

Till forest vistas form kaleidoscopes!

The dogwood blossoms shine like stars of  
gold,

Quick flows the amber of the tall sweet  
gum,

And swifter still the shifting colors come  
To tulip-tree and luscious-scented plum,  
And sassafras, with buddings manifold.

The yellow jasmine and lush muscadine  
With crab and honeysuckle intertwine,  
And thousand odors sweet confederate,  
And clear, cool air so interpenetrate  
That sky above and blooming earth beneath  
Seem to exhale a long, delicious breath!  
But hark! woodpecker beats his dull tattoo,  
The jay bird screams, low moans the shy  
cuckoo,

Loud chirps the blackbird, gently woos the  
dove,

Till chains of melody link grove to grove ;  
The red-bird shows his scarlet coat and crest  
And sounds his bugle call, while from his  
nest

In deeper woods the hermit thrush intones,

## SUNRISE

With heavenly mind, his morning orisons ;  
Kingfisher, like a spirit of the air,

His swift flight wheels, circling with rainbow hue

The water's edge ; and see ! a hawthorn fair

Grows tremulous, for on her tender spray

Sits nature's poet, a romancer gay,

Sweet mocking-bird, singing, as he were fain

To greet the sun with all that bird could say,

Or think or dream within his tiny brain ;

Anon, his throat o'erflows with tuneful might,

And straight upon a poplar's topmost height

He flies, and his full diapason sounds.

From stop to stop, and now from side to side,

He flings his clear-toned dithyrambic rounds,

Then, masterly, he runs the gamut wide

Of his rare instrument, till joy and hope

And sweetest love speak from the wondrous scope

In epic majesty, now soft, now strong,

And lo ! the air is throbbing with his song !

The climax reached, from bough to bough  
he drops

## A DORIC REED

With trailing cadences ; then in a copse  
Below — low, liquid warbles uttering —  
He falls with palpitating breast and wing!  
Effulgent light illumines the broad blue tent  
    of heaven,  
The sleeping Earth awakes to toil : the Sun  
    is risen!

## POMEGRANATES

POMEGRANATES sweet and pome-  
    granates sour

Hang in the red October sun :  
Nobody knew, when they were in flower.  
And their life had just begun,  
Which was the sweet and which was the  
    sour,  
Till they ripened one by one.

The blooms were hats of cardinal hue  
And trumpets of yellow flame ;  
And as the fruits to perfection grew,  
Their red-coats were just the same.  
Then the darts of the sun cleft the rinds in  
    two,  
And their deep-red hearts burst out to view,



## WOOD VIOLET

But till they were tasted, nobody knew  
Where the sweet and the sour came.  
For pomegranate sour is a bitter cheat,  
But a luscious thing is pomegranate  
sweet!

In youth-time's bright and rosy bower  
A bevy of maidens play :  
Their fresh young life is just in flower,  
But which is the sweet and which is the sour,  
Pray, who will dare to say ?  
But there will come a day  
When life's sharp darts  
Will cleave their hearts,  
And taste we must in adversity's hour  
Which nature is sweet and which is the sour.

## WOOD VIOLET

VIOLET in the mossy wood,  
By a streamlet growing,  
With her head within her hood  
When the Wind was blowing,  
Hid her head so modestly  
Till the rough Wind had passed by.

## A DORIC REED

But Lord Sun came thro' the wood,  
In his armor blazing.  
Violet, with her blue eyes, stood,  
On his brightness gazing.  
When my Lord Sun had passed by,  
Violet laid her down to die.

## THE GIFT OF LIFE

I SAW one whose misshapen form and face  
Did mark him spurned and barred from  
Nature's grace  
Of motherhood, — as 't were a step-dame's  
spite  
Had smitten him with bitter curse and  
blight —  
Yet lifting vision bleared to smiling sky —  
He laughed to see the Summer birdlings  
fly —  
And clapped distorted palms, and sang a  
song,  
Unshamed and all unconscious of his wrong.  
O sweet, mysterious gift of life, — that  
scorns

'T IS TIME WE TWO

The thrall of Fate, her buffetings and  
thorns,  
And bound in chains, rejoices still to be —  
And by that joy divine proves its divinity!

'T IS TIME WE TWO WERE  
MAYING

O H, let us go a-Maying :  
The warm south wind is blowing, and  
the wood is fresh and green,  
And whispering leaves are saying  
We are losing all by staying,  
When sweet the grass is growing, and the  
cowslips in between.

'T is time that we were Maying :  
The birds will sing the sweeter when they  
know that there are two  
In forest pathways straying  
Who can tell what they are saying, —  
And cloud-ships sail the fletcher through the  
tender melting blue.

## A DORIC REED

'T is time we two were Maying ;  
For Summer days are flying, and grim Win-  
ter comes apace.

And pleasure scorns delaying,  
Nor will tarry for our praying :  
Then why should we be sighing, when the  
days are full of grace !

'T is joy to go a-Maying,  
When hawthorn boughs are filling with  
sweet odors field and grove,  
And blushes are betraying —  
What the lips dare not in saying —  
And two young hearts are thrilling to the  
magic touch of love !

How shall we go a-Maying,  
When Winter winds are blowing, and the  
skies are no more fair ?  
With love forever staying,  
We shall always go a-Maying,  
And find sweet flowers growing e'en when  
fields are bleak and bare.

## LOVE-MAKING IN HAY-MAKING

LOVE'S time is his own,  
In frigid or torrid or temperate zone.  
In winter or summer or springtide, or whether  
The sunshine is glorious, or winds stretch  
    their tether  
To batter a city or play with a feather.  
    Love will have his way,  
    Whatever the weather;  
And yet in the days that are gone, as to-day,  
The making of love and the making of hay  
    Somehow go together.

Love's way is his own,  
In frigid or torrid or temperate zone.  
And whether at noontide, at eve, or at morn-  
    ing,  
He comes as he chooses, and comes without  
    warning,  
And prisons and barriers are but his scorning.  
    So Love has his way  
    In spite of the weather;  
But why in the present and past, tell me,  
    pray,  
Do making of love and the making of hay  
    Always go together?

## SOMETHING

A SOMETHING hovers in the air,  
And poises o'er the naked tree,  
And rides upon the winged cloud,  
Yet hath no form the eye can see;  
But to the deeper, inward sight,  
It is a presence sweet and true,  
That fills the universe with joy,  
And wakes the earth with impulse new !

A something in the forest wood,  
It scarcely may be named a voice,  
Yet fettered captives hear its call,  
And in their longing hearts rejoice: —  
A subtile whisper in the breeze,  
So soft, it seems a spirit's breath,  
Yet leafless boughs grow tremulous  
With ecstasy, at what it saith !

A something rises with the morn,  
And lingers with the sun's last ray,  
Brings rapture to the silent night,  
And lustre to the shining day;  
With yearning, half of bliss and pain,  
It swells my heart, and, wondering,  
I ask, — What can it be? A bird  
Sings at my window, — “ It is spring! ”

## GREEK MOTHER'S LULLABY.

SLEEP, my child ; no care can cumber  
Thy young heart, nor break thy slumber,—

Love doth all thy moments number.

Let thy sleep

Be sweet and deep!

While thy mother's arms caress thee,  
May great Zeus protect and bless thee!

Gentle zephyrs woo and kiss us,  
Sweet with breath of dear Cephisus,  
Soft with music of Ilissus.

Zephyrs' wings

Are downy things.

While thy mother's lips caress thee,  
May great Zeus protect and bless thee!

Sleep, and see Olympus shining, —  
Where the gods, in bliss reclining,  
Know not pain nor mortal pining ;

Heavenly beams

Shall light thy dreams.

While thy mother's hopes caress thee,  
May great Zeus protect and bless thee!

Rest, and in thy dreaming follow, —  
Through the flow'ry glade and hollow, —

## A DORIC REED

In the chase, with swift Apollo ;  
    Ne'er so fleet  
    Are mortal feet.

While thy mother's smiles caress thee,  
May great Zeus defend and bless thee!

Dream, and see bright Eros springing  
Through the air, his arrows flinging, —  
Keenest joy and sorrow bringing.

    Ah, his wings  
    Hide cruel stings!

While thy mother's tears caress thee,  
May great Zeus defend and bless thee!

Soft as summer breezes calling,  
Light as summer roses falling,  
Slumber woos to dear entralling.

    Sweet and deep

    My darling's sleep ;

Love and joy and hope caress thee!  
Zeus will guard thee, Zeus will bless thee!

## GODS OF HELLAS

O YE gods of sunny Hellas, are ye gone  
    forevermore  
From the crystal caves of Ocean and the  
    singing, wave-kissed shore?



## GODS OF HELLAS

Are ye hiding in the mountains, do ye lurk  
within the streams?

Can ye come no more to mortals in their  
longings and their dreams?

Have ye quit serene Olympus, — is it o'er,  
your golden reign?

And the grand Idæan Mother with her fair  
immortal train,

Shall they never come again?

O ye gods of sunny Hellas, do the clouds  
enfold you now

From our mortal ken, as when ye leaped  
from high Olympus' brow

To the green Thessalian forests and the  
founts of Castaly, —

Or to fierce Scamander's raging tide, to  
fight for th' Atridæ?

Are Dodona's oaks forsaken, and the heaven-  
inspired Dove, —

Shall she never utter more within the dark  
and mystic grove

The dread oracles of Jove?

Does the pure, untarnished Artemis, with  
silver-sandalled feet,

Lead her goddess nymphs no longer to the  
chase, — a huntress fleet?

## A DORIC REED

Nor the wingèd messenger of gods make  
bright the common air?  
Nor the blue-eyed virgin Pallas heed the  
maiden's 'plaining prayer?  
Does the Goddess of the Graces hold her  
prize of golden fruit?  
Do the waters of bright Helicon awake  
Apollo's lute?  
Are the Muses all grown mute?

Nay, the gods of sunny Hellas give us answer  
when we call;  
We shall hear them, if our struggling souls  
we loose from worldly thrall, —  
Bring the eyes to see the substance in the  
shadow ; for 't is so,  
Plastic Nature yields her secrets to the hearts  
that love her; — lo!  
Echo lives on yonder hills — fair Dryads  
speak, and Zephyrs fan  
Out of brook-born reed-pipes, music sweet  
as when the great god Pan  
After trembling Syrinx ran!

## LOVE AND LAUREL

LOVELY Daphne, from Apollo flying,  
Is no fable in our world to-day.  
Tender swains with ardent love are sighing,  
Pretty maidens hear and run away.  
Yet will Love not always be a-woo-  
ing, —  
Fate oft interposes her decree.  
Lo ! Apollo, his dear one pursuing,  
Sees her changed into a Laurel-tree.

And the Laurel-tree his heart consoling, —  
Heart of pain, of sweetest love bereft, —  
In his nature, with a power controlling,  
Fills the void that gentle Daphne left.  
Laurel-blossoms cheer him, love resign-  
ing,  
Sacred to Apollo's lofty name;  
Laurel-leaves, his noble brow entwining,  
Tell to men and gods his lasting fame.

Can the Laurel, as in the beginning,  
Sighing swains from Beauty's sway recall?  
Laurel leaves and blossoms, are they winning  
Love-lorn souls from passion's burning  
thrall?

## A DORIC REED

Yea, Ambition woos and wins Apollo,  
In the present as in days gone by:  
If the Laurel blooms, think not he'll  
follow,  
Lovely Maiden, when you turn and fly!

## THE COMFORT OF THE PINES

**I** FAIN would seek that brotherhood,  
The monastery of the wood;  
Earth-bound and tempest-tossed, yet given  
The blessed calm and peace of heaven!

Tall hooded monks, in solemn band,  
Uplifting prayerful arms they stand,  
Intoning whispered orison  
And glad triumphant antiphon!

Brave brothers, yielding limb and form  
Unto the insult of the storm,  
Or battling in exultant song  
Against the fierce tornado's wrong!

Sublimely patient! grandly calm!  
Dispensing life-inspiring balm,

## THE COMFORT OF THE PINES

Till wind-swept plain and forest dense  
Are comforted with rich incense ;

Till solace, far beyond their ken,  
Enwraps the toil-worn brains of men,  
And bruised hearts their anguish ease  
Mid soothing, healing ministries !

O brothers strong, did the same Hand  
Frame you that made me, — ye who stand  
Undaunted in unchanging light  
Through Winter's wrath and Time's de-  
spite?

Who feel life's cruel strife and stress  
Untainted by its bitterness,  
Whose deepest sigh, whose sorest tear,  
Such sweetness gives to atmosphere,

That ruthless Winds, so long withstood,  
Become your ministers of good,  
And bear upon their dying breath  
The very antidote of death!

## TIME AND WE

**I**MPROVE the moments while you may,  
For Time is flying, mortals say ;  
    But Time saith nay.  
    'T is we, alas ! who come and go,  
    And Time doth stay ;  
For Time doth like a river flow.  
Yet in its secret depths below,  
    Sweet fountains play,  
And youth perpetual bestow,  
    While swift away  
Our frail barks drift to weal or woe.

## TWO MAIDENS

**A**LADDIE sailed out on a calm blue  
    sea,  
And two maidens fell a-weeping.  
    “ Alas ! ” said they,  
    “ 'T is a doleful day ;  
    Mayhap nevermore  
    To the sweet green shore  
    Shall lover to me  
    And brother to thee —

## HOMESICKNESS

Shall lover to thee  
And brother to me —  
Come back from the treacherous, smiling  
sea.”

A good ship went down in a wild, wild sea,  
And two maidens fell a-weeping.  
The years passed by,  
And two cheeks were dry: —  
A wife and a mother, with babe on her knee,  
Sat crooning a tender old lullaby,  
Nor thought of the lover beneath the sea ;  
But at eventide,  
By a lone fireside,  
A sister sat weeping for him who had died,  
Who came nevermore  
To the bright green shore  
To wander with her the sweet meadows o'er.

## HOMESICKNESS

LIKE children in a garden fair,  
Who wander thro' each flowerful maze,  
And drink from sunny founts with glee,  
And look with long and lingering gaze

## A DORIC REED

Upon the wondrous scene, — yet fain  
    Would be at home for love and rest, —  
So we, in this bright world of ours,  
    With strange homesickness are possest!

Through garden fair and palace proud  
    We vainly seek our hearts to please.  
Life spreads her feast ; we sit us down,  
    Yet are we never quite at ease —  
Some hope, some yearning, stirs the soul,  
    E'en with the chalice at our lips, —  
Some rapturous strain from shores afar,  
    That doth all meaner mirth eclipse!

What meaneth it that we should weep  
    More for our joys than for our fears,  
That we should sometime smile at grief  
    And look at Pleasure's show thro' tears?  
Alas! — but homesick children we,  
    Who would, but cannot, play the while —  
We dream of nobler heritage, —  
    Our Father's home — our Father's smile!

Yet Earth, kind mother, fain would please,  
    And is herself so fair to see,  
And offers many a cup of joy,  
    But none without satiety;



## A MINISTERING SPIRIT

And she shows many a garden fair,  
That tempts our eager feet to roam,  
Yet never are we quite at ease,  
And never feel we quite at home!

## A MINISTERING SPIRIT

WHEN I was dead one year, I came  
Unto mine own, — it was so sweet  
To see their faces and to hear  
The voices that I could not greet: —  
Within the old, familiar home,  
They talked and laughed with youthful  
zest, —  
Brave brothers and fair sisters dear, —  
Nor little dreamed who was their guest.

They measured out the morrow's plans,  
And counted joys that filled to-day,  
Their eager eyes sought present good, —  
I was a being passed away: —  
The world was with them and did lure,  
With throng of happy, living things  
They could not feel my spirit touch,  
Nor hear the rustle of my wings!

## A DORIC REED

And all went forth, save one alone,  
Who to the window casement stole  
Where erst we two were wont to sit, —  
And in the anguish of her soul,  
Wept long and sore, with trembling hands  
Upon her tear-washed face, and cried:  
“God pity me this woful day, —  
This was the day my brother died!”

Then, with a spirit's subtle ken  
God-given, — did I minister  
Sweet comfort, such as God gave me  
Unmeasured, — gave I unto her.  
Till, sad with pleasure's surfeit, — they  
Who went, returning, found no trace  
Of woe in her, and whispered low: —  
“She wears God's glory on her face!”

## THE DYING NEVER WEEP

THE dying never weep!  
Does vision of the heavenly height  
Break in upon their waning sight?  
Or doth God wipe away all tears,  
Ere yet they touch th' eternal years?  
Is there no weeping for the eyes  
That soon shall ope in Paradise?

## THE DEAD MOTHER

While we our tearful vigil keep,  
And wonder that they do not weep!

The dying never weep!  
But oh, the living weep, and cry  
For God's dear pity, as they lie  
Before His throne in helplessness  
And break their hearts in vain distress,  
The while His saints in blessed place  
Behold the beauty of His face,  
And drink His peace, with rapture deep,  
And wonder, we for them should weep!

## THE DEAD MOTHER

HOW still the house! The light peer-  
ing between  
The close-knit vines that o'er the casement  
lean,  
Falls faint and low, — fearing to touch the  
bed  
Where I lie cold and dead!

The bird whose song awoke me with the  
dawn,  
And filled with melody the fragrant lawn,  
This morning sang a faltering, plaintive lay,  
And then flew swift away!

## A DORIC REED

Fond, weeping friends caress my marble  
brow

And tell my deeds of good, as they, somehow,  
Would fain eke out in tender words and tears  
The love of mortal years!

And kindred hands, for many a yearestranged,  
Have o'er my form the friendly clasp ex-  
changed,

And I, in death, have healed the bitter strife  
I sorely wept in life!

The conscious door opes noiselessly, and he  
Who had few words of tenderness for me  
Kneels at my side and cries: "Couldst thou  
but live!

Forgive, sweet wife, forgive!"

Yet I am calm, with calmness of the dead  
Who, by the love of God, are comforted;—  
My peace doth like a mighty river roll,  
And rest unto my soul!

But hark! a voice — a cry, — so small, so  
faint!

My child! — In Paradise I hear thy plaint!  
O God! — Grant but to me its steps to guide,  
And I ask naught beside!

## MOCKING-BIRD

FULL-THROATED, trim,  
Dapper of limb,  
Agile, alert,  
Nimbly expert,  
Hanging somehow  
On topmost bough,  
A-top of trees, —  
Saying with ease  
What other birds  
Strive to attain, —  
Weaving their words  
Over again  
In his refrain! —

Deep in the wood  
Tormenting owls,  
Changing his mood,  
Home to farm-brood,  
Teasing the fowls:  
Out on the grass  
Quick to surpass  
Fleetest insect,  
Running erect,  
Darts at his prize,  
Then swiftly flies

## A DORIC REED

To myrtle bower,  
There in full power  
The world to capture  
With his wild rapture, —

Calling and cooing,  
Wailing and wooing:  
An ode to his love,  
A lyric to Dove,  
A challenge to Wren,  
To Blue-bird and Hen,  
To Bob-white and Kildee,  
To Catbird and Pewee,  
To Robin and Thrush:  
Until the whole tree-full  
Of sweet singers gleeful  
Lose heart and hush:  
Outsung and confounded,  
Enchanted, astounded,  
And flying afar, seek a covert to light on,  
Away from this wonderful, maddening  
Chrichton!

## SONG OF THE MISSISSIPPI

O MEN, ye are wise, ye mortals are wise, —  
With work of your hands and sight of  
your eyes!

With reaching down deep to record that lies  
On earth's burning heart; with reading the  
skies,

And telling the stars — O men, are ye wise?

For secrets I know,

As onward I flow —

From æons long gone

Ere yet ye had won

Your place 'neath the sun —

Ay, secrets ye yearn

To grapple and learn.

And ripples that sport o'er my bosom in glee,

And joyously sing their bright way to the sea,

Are hints of a far and a deep mystery

Your hands cannot fathom, your eyes cannot  
see;

And many a legend of lake and of fountain

Is rocked in my waves, and lulled to its rest,

And many a stream from its home on the  
mountain

Has poured its wild song in my fathomless  
breast.

## A DORIC REED

Deep, deep, 'neath my tide  
I hold and I hide  
The ciphers and runes  
And mystical tunes  
Of Mays and of Junes  
That ages ago came to sing and to bide  
On my echoing shores, ere your hero wide-  
eyed  
With wonder descried

My far-reaching waters, and looked with  
amaze  
On the length and the depth and the breadth  
of my ways.  
I hark to the voice of the Storm-King's loud  
call,  
I hark, but his might cannot hold me in thrall.  
The faint, floating zephyr, the tornado strong,  
Have passed o'er my bosom for centuries long,  
With raging and roaring, in dreamful repose,  
Yet bides not my current, forever it flows,  
On, on to the deep,  
Where ever shall sleep  
The records ye long for, but which I must  
keep!  
The wonderful lore  
Of the white morning frore,  
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## APRIL FOOLS

The glittering sheen  
On the tall fir-tree green,  
The icebergs that freeze  
In the far polar seas,  
The rent and the groan  
Of boulder and stone —

Are sounding and swelling my grand mono-  
tone!

O men, like vain shadows, ye come and ye go,  
Ye delve and ye suffer, ye toil and ye sow;  
Your labor is weary, your knowledge is slow.  
Ye span my proud waters, but never, I trow,  
Shall gather my wisdom, or learn what I  
know, —

As onward and onward and onward I flow.

## APRIL FOOLS

“WHEN comes fair and blithe April,  
Send a fool where'er you will.”

Thus doth read the halting rhyme  
Of the quaint and olden time,  
And we think the ancient creed  
Suited quite to modern need;

## A DORIC REED

April hath not lost a whit  
Of her charm, since first 't was writ.  
Dearest maid of all the year,  
Bright with laughter, sweet with tear,  
Woman in her mind and rule,  
Who would not be April's fool?

She will none of Winter's ire,  
Naught hath she of Summer's fire,  
Long as she doth hold her lease,  
Winds and waves must be at peace,  
While she softly, deftly weaves  
Fairy bow'rs of bloom and leaves,  
Proving, in her magic art,  
Earth is ever young at heart,  
Scattering on lake and lawn  
Etchings by young leaflets drawn,  
Shadow-pictures on the pools,  
For the eyes of April fools!

Oh, how dear her promises,  
Rich in unreaped harvestries!  
Dreamed-of joy is sweeter far  
Than the tasted pleasures are;  
Lovelier than midsummer days  
Are her noons of golden haze.  
When thro' leafy ambuscade  
Sun-kissed cloudlets masquerade

## JUNE

On the bosom of the brook,  
When, perchance, with lute or book,  
Prone, 'mid shadows sweet and cool,  
Lies the dreaming April fool!

She is truest alchemist,  
With her skies of amethyst,  
Marsh and meadow daisy-pied,  
Forest floor-ways beautified,  
Showing still some phase of good  
In her ever-changing mood;  
If she weep, or if she smile,  
She hath yet a way and wile,  
Human fancy to ensnare;  
Though her charms they may forswear,  
Boasted learning — wisdom's schools, —  
At her call are April fools!

## JUNE

FULL-LEAFED, full-flowered, full-  
voiced, full-hearted June,  
Who art among thy sisters of the year,  
Like Hera 'mid her goddesses, complete  
In beauty's symmetry, where doth appear

## A DORIC REED

All perfect graces, set in perfect tune!  
As viol's resonance and flute-tones sweet  
Fulfil desire of the expectant ear,  
So thy soft skies, with tenderness replete,  
Our unvoiced yearnings satisfy, and seem  
To love us with their loveliness; day-  
beam,  
Grown common to familiar sight, hath caught  
New radiance from thy glance; the brook's  
redress  
From winter's thrall thy magic hand hath  
wrought,  
And she, with song and forest legend fraught,  
All jubilant to feel thy dear caress,  
Enchants the listening leaves with many a tale  
Which they, glad gossips, whisper through  
the vale;  
While trumpet winds their battle blowings  
cease  
To sing with siren voice thy hymn of peace!  
Whate'er is good thou dost make better  
still.  
White-winged swan clouds sailing in quiet  
sky,  
Swift birds pouring their carols as they fly,  
Bright stars that almost speak their sym-  
pathy,

## AUGUST

The azure mountain-top and gleeful rill,  
The fragrant valley bloom and verdant hill,  
Sunshine and shadow, day and night, fulfil  
Thy joy, and Earth is Paradise at thy sweet  
will!

## AUGUST

NOW Nature sits with folded hands,  
As resting from the busy year,  
While o'er the wide and teeming lands  
She contemplates the goodly cheer  
She gives; all energizing powers  
Lie mute and still, and drowsy hours  
Move noiselessly, their jocund moods  
And songs foregoing: in deep woods  
And fields, a slumb'rous silence broods  
Unbroken, save by beetles' drone  
And o'er-fed bees' dull monotone,  
Or leaves' low rustle as they make  
A pathway for the gliding snake.  
The patient cows seek shadows cool,  
That stretch themselves like giants prone  
Along the edges of the pool —  
And midst the waters stand knee-deep,  
In dreamy, semi-conscious sleep.

## A DORIC REED

Birds sing no more, but on the hill  
The tender plaint of whip-poor-will,  
Who, telling oft her woful tale,  
Lingers full late after her time, —  
While at slow intervals the chime  
Of sheep-bells in the distant vale  
Falls on the ear like tuneful rhyme,  
Lulling the senses, till in idle dreams,  
We half forget the real in the thought of  
that which seems.

## THE SOLACE OF NATURE

OH, come and rest! —  
Thou who art sad and sore of worldly  
strain,  
Fair Nature calls, and woos thee to her breast.  
Her yearning heart is fain  
To cheer thine own, and she hath many a cure  
For wounded souls, from fountains fresh and  
pure!

Leave tedious books,  
And read the Scripture writ on flow'ry  
plain,  
The Gospel of the softly singing brooks  
And fields of mellow grain, —

## THE SOLACE OF NATURE

Love's Revelation sweet,— and thou shalt be  
Too full of joy to know satiety!

The flowerful maze

Of herbage lush in wild abandonment,  
The mountain steep, and winding forest ways  
With bright-eyed blooms besprent,  
And peaceful valleys' tilth, — hold balm to  
ease

The aching heart and o'erwrought mind's  
disease!

Kind Mother Earth

Shall quicken thy dead courage,— as that  
one

Who caught new strength when he but  
touched her girth,

And noble victory won:—

Lo! gracious ministers stand everywhere  
To lift from thee the burden of thy care!

For Nature hath

Comfort wherewith a mother comforteth;  
Nor in her solace, Pain's reproach, nor  
scath;

And her inspiring breath

Shall wake thy dying hope to joyous life,  
And nerve thy faltering purpose to the strife!

## CIRCUMSTANCE

WHENCE is thy might, O Circumstance,  
That thy dread clutch a human soul,  
A destiny, may seize? What chance  
Or power doth fix thy stern control?

As petals in the calyx set,  
As gems wrought into metal's clasp,  
As gold ensnared in iron net —  
So are we held within thy grasp!

May we not do, shall we not dare,  
If thy command doth say us nay?  
Shall life sink aimless in despair,  
When thou dost mock the prayers we pray?

Art thou relentless? Far beyond  
Thy menace rises dauntless Will,  
Which dares to break thy ruthless bond,  
And nobler destiny fulfil!

A craven he, who owns thy thrall,  
And yields his life to thy dictate.  
Who hears and heeds diviner call,  
He is the master of his fate!



## THE BLEACHER

The sea that bars us from the shore  
Itself shall bear us safely there,  
The winds, contentious, waft us o'er  
Wild waters to a haven fair;

And e'en from Circumstance adverse  
The earnest, faithful soul may wrest  
True victory, and from her curse  
Win patience that shall make him blest!

## THE BLEACHER

ON mountain bare and field grass-shorn,  
On hedgerow bright with bloom new-born,  
In frowning Winter's tempests rude,  
In smiling Summer's kindly mood,  
'Neath morning's ray and stars' soft light,  
The bleacher toils through day and night—  
“Ay, white and whiter still!” cries he,  
“As white as snow my work must be!”

Upon the warp and woof new spun  
Fall chill of frost and fire of sun,  
The bitter storm's relentless pain,  
The gentle dew, and nursing rain,

## A DORIC REED

The while the bleacher's watchful eye  
Each spot and blemish doth descry —  
“ Without a fault or stain,” cries he,  
“ As pure as snow my work shall be! ”

Unwearied plies his skilful hand,  
Fulfilling all his thought hath planned;  
Nor doth the bruised flax complain  
Nor question aught he may ordain,  
But meekly yields each fold and shred,  
Until the cleansed and chastened thread,  
Transformed to stainless, lustrous white,  
Shines in effulgent beauty bright!

We stand bewildered with our woe;  
God's mysteries we may not know.  
The fiery trial, whose keen dart  
Doth pierce and burn our inmost heart,  
Cold disappointment's blighting chill,  
Dark sorrow's storms, — all do His will;  
For bleached at last we all must be  
If we His purity would see!

## THE THRESHING-FLOOR

THROUGH the autumn air rings the  
thresher's flail,

And its rhythmic stroke breaks the merry  
song

Of the reapers gay in the fruitful vale

As the harvest-triumphs they bear along.

Oh, 'tis well that they sing, for they do not  
know

The pang and the hurt of the thresher's blow!

But, alas! the beautiful, growing grain

In its quivering heart is sick and sore,

As it falls from the teeming, groaning wain

To the hard and pitiless threshing-floor,

While the reapers are shouting their harvest  
song

As they joyously bear their sheaves along.

Like the ruthless storm of the sleet and hail,

Like the wind's sharp bite to the tender  
leaf,

Fall the stinging blows of the thresher's flail

On the trembling form of the helpless sheaf,

While the reapers are singing their glad refrain  
Of the golden math and the loaded wain.

## A DORIC REED

But the work of the bruising flail is done  
    When each tiny grain of the winnowed  
        wheat  
From the grasp of the husk and sheath is won,  
    From the taint of the chaff is clean and  
        sweet,  
And the reapers' loud songs as they home-  
        ward go  
Wake the echoes clear in the vale below.

O my soul, from the chaff of vain desire,  
    From the stubble and straw of worldly  
        pride,  
So shalt thou be threshed, until thou aspire  
    To the purer joys that for aye abide;  
Till from all earthly thralldom thou art made  
        loose  
And meet for the Heavenly Master's use!

## A RAINY DAY

WITH dreary monotone, the rain  
    Increasing drones its said refrain,  
And from the darkened heavens no ray  
Of gladsome light, — a rainy day!

## A RAINY DAY

And yet I give thee welcome, rain,  
For in thy dull and sombre train  
Come glorious, goodly company,  
Fair Thought and pleasant Memory!

Ay, come and sit thee down, sweet Thought,  
Unfold the treasures thou hast brought  
From many a distant clime and age,  
From many a rich, historic page, —  
Bright gems upon the brow of Time,  
And flowers fresh in morning prime!  
Discourse me fair, for when thou 'rt nigh,  
I fear nor cloud nor angry sky.

And thou, O cherished Memory!  
A dearer spot I hold for thee.  
Thine arms enwrap me, heart and brain,  
Dispelling every sense of pain: —  
Thy charmèd spell is on me now;  
I feel thy touch upon my brow.  
Sweet, sunny fields again I see;  
Once more upon my mother's knee  
I sit, and read within her eyes  
The love that o'er my pathway lies;  
I hear the brooks and wood-notes wild  
Of birds, — the laughter of a child  
More blithe than any joyous thing  
That cleaves the air with buoyant wing!

## A DORIC REED

O clouds lined with bright memories!  
O fruitful, thought-awakening rain!  
It took the sunlight from my skies  
To send me yet a richer gain;  
The grateful earth receives her share  
And earnest of a harvest fair;  
My nourished soul expands and grows  
To deeper joy and strong repose!

## AN ANCIENT MANUSCRIPT

**W**ITHIN a wall-engirdled town,  
Historic in its wide renown,  
With jealous care, a cloistered crypt  
Enshrines an ancient manuscript.

Six centuries have stamped their age  
Upon the venerated page, —  
And men felt life itself were fit  
To give for what was thereon writ.

What hands were they of monk or saint  
Inscribed its characters so quaint, —  
Oft clasped, perhaps, in fervent prayer,  
Lest wrong or blot might enter there?

## AN ANCIENT MANUSCRIPT

Who, seated at his lonely desk,  
Wrought ornament and arabesque,  
With patient toil and rare design  
Accomplishing each leaf and line?

No noise of fierce, impetuous steam  
Disturbed his thought or marred his dream;  
Nor iron finger of machine  
The parchment leaflets thrust between, —

Nor sought in its relentless grasp  
The sacred vellum to enclasp;  
But hand and heart and mind did join  
To shape each paragraph and coign; —

Until the letters and the word  
With human life and love were stirred,  
Until the pages of the book  
Caught something of a human look.

Ah, faithful scribe, we know not where  
Or how thy dust may rest, but there,  
Upon the dingy parchment scroll,  
We read thy life, thy heart and soul!

And this we know, the patient hand  
Hath clasped, within the Promised Land,  
The Master's feet, — the loving eyes  
Have opened in sweet Paradise!

## FOR LOVE'S SAKE

**A**Y, love me, sweet, with all thy heart,  
Thy mind, thy soul, and all thou art  
And hop'st to be, — love me with love  
That naught beneath the heavens may move;  
Yet say not wherefore; say not why  
Thou lovest, — since in these do lie  
The seeds of death to Love, — but say  
Thou lovest and must love away!

For should'st thou love some witching grace  
Of word or manner, form or face, —  
Should thy heart's worship thus be bought  
By any gift that time hath wrought, —  
So art thou false to Love's pure creed,  
And like to fail in sorest need;  
But love for Love's dear sake, I pray,  
Then shalt thou love me, sweet, away!

## NEW LOVE

**A** NEW love and a true love  
Is the love for me and for you, Love.  
The past is fled,  
Let us bury its dead,  
And begin life and love anew, Love!



## NEW LOVE

A new love and a true love  
Is waiting for me and for you, Love.

    We've drained the cup  
    Cruel Fate has filled up,  
And our pleasures have been but few, Love;

But a new love and a true love  
Will bring joy to me and to you, Love;

    For sorrows borne  
    Will we no longer mourn  
When happiness now is in view, Love!

A new love and a true love  
Is beckoning to me and to you, Love.

    The way is rough,  
    But there's still love enough  
In this wicked old world for two, Love!

A new love and a true love  
Is coming to me and to you, Love.

    'T will teach us yet  
    To forgive and forget,  
And the wrong by the right to undo, Love!

A new love and a true love  
Is sweetest to me and to you, Love.

    Look up, brave wife,  
    To a happier life,  
For now we are on with the new love!

## WILD ROSE BY THE SEA

WILD Rose by the stormy sea  
Bloomed so fresh and fair,  
That the wonder came to me  
She was growing there, —  
Far from home on grassy lea,  
On a rock by wind-tossed sea,  
Blooming bright and sweet was she,  
In her beauty rare.

Wild Rose, say, how can it be  
Thou dost bloom so fair,  
By the cold and cruel sea,  
Without fear or care?  
Sweet thy home on fragrant lea,  
Where soft skies are nursing thee,  
But to brave the angry sea,  
Wild Rose, canst thou dare?

Nay, said Wild Rose, I must be  
Always fresh and fair,  
And where'er thou findest me,  
God has placed me there;  
And I bloom by rock-bound sea  
Bright as on the flowery lea,  
And my sweets I give as free  
To the briny air!

## MY MARGUERITE

I LOOK upon her brow and see  
A radiant, crystal purity,  
And find within her azure eyes  
The loveliness of summer skies;  
    She is so sweet,  
    My Marguerite,  
I fain would kneel and kiss her feet!

If she but deign one word to say,  
I hold a treasure for the day;  
Doth she but smile, a halo bright  
Encircles all my dreams by night;  
    The dusty street,  
    Pressed by her feet,  
Becomes a royal palace seat!

My life to her dear life has grown,  
Till all my being is her own,  
And every thought and hope her due,  
Though I am forty, she but two;  
    And oh, so sweet  
    Is Marguerite,  
I kneel and kiss her dainty feet!

## THE HERMIT THRUSH

FAR in remotest depths of forest  
Dwells a poet, —  
His house in very heart of nature —  
And I know it —  
By shying streamlets and the wildwood  
That lead to it!

A hermit he, from the world hiding;  
Like anchorite,  
In solitude of the Thebaid; —  
With morning light  
Intones his matins, and his vespers  
At fall of night!

What sin torments his tender conscience,  
That he doth flee  
All haunts of men, like that old worthy,  
Saint Anthony, —  
In plaintive monotone thus telling  
His rosary?

Whate'er he be, or saint or sinner,  
Or, if his sighs  
Be prayer or penance, mayhap, sermons,  
Such sweetness lies  
In them as gives my soul a foretaste  
Of Paradise!

## THE JAY-BIRD

BLUE-JAY! —

The dreadful things that people say  
Give you dark reputation —

To carry sand-grains, day by day  
To burn poor sinners, forced to stay  
In purgatory fires alway,

Is sure a bad vocation!

But when I've seen you sit a-tilt  
On bough, and sing so sweet a lilt,

I feel inclined to doubt your guilt,

And think perchance you are belied

By those who seek to turn your pride

To scorn and reprobation!

True-blue

You are, and since so very few,

Through trial and temptation,

Keep ever to their colors true,

But like chameleons change their hue

To suit each time and place, — your due

Is honest commendation; —

And yet, a debt of hate we owe

That you thus add to sinners' woe.

But oh, your song is sweet, I know! —

And since I come to think, Blue-Jay,

There is so much that people say

Not worth consideration!

## THE IDLE BOY

WHITHER away, shining brooklet?  
Oh, stay

With me, I pray.

No, idle boy, no!

I must flow

To the river, who 's waiting for me,  
To carry me on to the deep, deep sea.

I must away;

I cannot stay!

Whither away, flying birdie? Oh, stay

With me, I pray.

No, idle boy, no!

I must go

To the little ones waiting for me  
In the top of the budding apple-tree,

And I must fly —

Good-by! Good-by!

Whither away, sailing cloudlet? Oh, stay

With me, I pray.

No, idle boy, no!

I must show

To the world, ere the fall of night,  
The beautiful tints of the sunset bright.

Fast speeds the day,

I must away!

## DETHRONED

A KING was he yesterday, ruling his realm  
By a nod or a beck of his hand,  
And never were subjects more loyal or proud  
Of a sovereign's behest and command.  
A King yesterday; but alas for the change  
Which may come in a night or a morn!  
The King is dethroned, for to-day came the  
Queen  
When the sweet baby sister was born.

## ARCADY

OH, where is Land of Arcady?  
For thither would I haste away,  
So sore and torn this heart of me  
By thorns and briars of work-a-day!  
The faltering feet and throbbing brain  
Are weary of the ceaseless gride,  
The shrill discord of worldly strain, —  
And long in Arcady to hide!  
There untempestuous waters flow,  
And waves in fugue mellifluous meet;  
There wingèd zephyrs gently blow  
From many an odorous retreat, —

## A DORIC REED

Oh, loose me from the toil and task!  
Unbind my fetters — set me free —  
In peace, unvexed by care, to bask  
'Neath leafy shade of Arcady!

Away from guileful tongue and lip, —  
My only gossips be the leaves,  
That whisper how the Fairies trip  
The sward, and dance among the  
sheaves, —

Away from gay and gilded hall,  
To Palace of the sky's soft blue, —  
Away from Fashion's heartless thrall  
To hearts and hands unstained and true! —

Where lyrics from each bush and tree  
To blissful dreams enchant the ear,  
Where mellow music floats from bee,  
And Colin woos his Phyllis dear, —  
Where buoyant heart and lissome limb  
Respond in joyous sympathy,  
Where Pleasure's cup fills to the brim, —  
O ho! set sail for Arcady!



## FOR ME

I WOULD not say her form or face  
Possesses a surpassing grace;  
And daintier hands than hers, I trow,  
Have soothed the weary, aching brow;  
And fairer cheeks and brighter eyes  
Have waked enraptured lovers' sighs; —  
Yet in those eyes one charm I see, —  
It is a look of love for me.

Her voice has not the wondrous power  
To lure, like perfume in the flower;  
Nor word of hers e'er stirred the sense  
By its resistless eloquence;  
Her smile only reveals the good,  
True heart of noble womanhood; —  
Yet charms in voice and smile I see,  
For both speak wealth of love for me.

## RESPONSIBILITY

OUT of the window my bird doth fly,  
Far beyond reach of my vision's strain;  
Boldly he sails to the bright blue sky, —  
Yet will he come back to me again,

## A DORIC REED

Back to my loving and outstretched hand,  
Back to my nurture and my command.

Without a sigh

I see him fly, —

He will come back to me by and by!

Out from my bosom a thought doth fly;

Over the ocean it sails afar

Where blooming shores in a rapture lie, —

Through the wide heavens from star to  
star,

Or midst the shades of the silent land,

Yet heeds my bidding and my command:

I ask not why

It seeks to fly, —

It will come back to me by and by!

Out from the precious and scanty dole

Time measures me, golden moments fly;

Swiftly they speed to their destined goal,

Bearing each lost opportunity.

Flown are the winged and shining band,

Never to hearken to my command:

Shall I ask why?

We must, for aye,

Meet in eternity by and by!

## THE BLUE AND THE GRAY

VERY peacefully they rest, —  
Who, in life by Peace unblest,  
Caught the war-cry fierce and shrill,  
Felt the battle's shock and thrill,  
Heard the dreadful cannon's roar, —  
Death behind and death before, —  
Fighting on the sea and land,  
Foot to foot and hand to hand!

Very peacefully they rest, —  
North and South and East and West —  
While the heaven-descending dew  
Falls alike on Gray and Blue,  
While the cheering light of day  
Shines on Blue and shines on Gray;  
Weary march and battle sore  
Past for them forevermore!

Very peacefully they rest, —  
And the babes whose cheeks they pressed  
In a last good-by have stood  
O'er their graves in proud manhood,  
And in holy wedlock true  
Plighted hearts of Gray and Blue;  
In the light of hearthstone fires  
Tell the deeds of soldier-sires!

## FIRST EASTER MORN

FIRST Easter Morn,  
When the three Marys wept with bitter  
tears,  
Sharp disappointment, — agonizing fears,  
In grief forlorn: —  
Methinks soft angel voices must have stirred  
The olive branches of Gethsemane  
With heavenly comfortings and blessed word  
Of peace, like that which Noah's faithful bird  
Brought from afar across a troubled sea!

First Easter Morn! — how looked thy light  
to him  
Whose eager, ofttime wayward feet outran  
The loved disciple in thy dawning dim  
To look upon the grave of the God-Man!  
To heart made sad by its own faithlessness,  
Brought not thy cheering ray some prescience  
Of joy, born even from grief's throe and  
stress —  
That reached to hope, thro' veil of doubt  
and sense?

Ay, gently fell thy light on eyes that wept  
In sorest agony, th' apostate tongue,  
The trait'rous fear, the solemn vow unkept,  
The Master's look, the keen remorse that  
stung

## FIRST EASTER MORN

Too deep a wound for earth to heal again; —  
Ay, in thy gladness, weary, weeping eyes  
And broken heart did find surcease of pain  
And foretaste of the blessed Paradise!

First Easter Morn!

When Death was shorn  
Of all his terrors, and became the friend  
Who leads us to that portal, crystal white,  
Where all things sorrowful have found their  
end,  
And thorns are changed for starry crowns  
of light!

O wondrous, holy Morn of second birth!  
From thee all blessings and all glories stream,  
As radiant colors that bedeck the earth  
Lie concentrate in white effulgent beam! —  
Inspire our fainting, grovelling souls, that  
we

No longer seek the living 'mong the dead,  
But with a steadfast eye and lifted head  
Behold the glories of Eternity!

## EASTER FLOWERS

O LOVELY flowers, be my priests to-day!  
Ye hold a revelation so divine  
That midst your holy incense I must pray,  
And make confession, too, at your sweet  
shrine.

What need to sit beneath the frescoed dome  
Of minster or cathedral, when ye preach  
From purer altars in your silent home  
The lesson that my inmost soul doth reach,  
And, captivating sense, doth all my senses  
teach!

Bright quickeners of thought and re-  
trospection,  
Beholding ye, can I doubt resurrection,  
Or question still a Father's sure pro-  
tection?

O fair Apostles, older than the creed  
Of church or council, or those fishermen  
Who, toiling by the sea in human need,  
Took heart at sight of ye and home again!—  
Your chalices held the libation  
That consecrated Earth's creation;  
And Litanies ye chant in sadness  
Arose in Eden's bowers of gladness.

## EASTER-TIDE

A sabbath and a temple everywhere  
Ye make, and all may kneel and worship  
there:  
Shrive me, sweet priests, and if I be forgiven,  
What ye have loosed sure will be loosed in  
heaven!

## EASTER-TIDE

SAY, how shall we keep it, — the Easter-  
Tide,  
When the glad Earth smiles, like a flow'r-  
crowned bride,  
And her lord, the sun, in his shining place  
As giant, rejoices to run his race;  
When birds and bells in sweet carol and  
chime  
Are telling the joy of the blessed time,  
And Nature is thrilling with ecstasy, —  
Oh, what shall our song and our keeping be?  
Shall we challenge the world with swelling  
pride,  
Shall we wear its pomp that the Lord denied,

## A DORIC REED

Shall we follow the things of Death whom He  
Hath vanquished in triumphant victory?  
Shall our Easter die with the altar flow'rs  
And praises that burst from these lips of ours?  
Ay, the Lord is risen in verity, —  
Say, what shall our joy and our keeping be?

O friends of the Master! what can it be  
But the feast of truth and sincerity,  
Unleavened with malice or wickedness,  
The heart to forgive and the hand to bless,  
The eyes that shall pity our brother's thrall,  
Since Jesus has died and risen for all?  
In the Gospel spirit and love to bide,  
Lo! this is the keeping of Easter-Tide!

## THE EASTER FEAST

HOW shall we keep the Easter feast!  
With pomp of praise and pride of priest?  
With flow'r-crowned altars, burning bright,  
And lofty temple's gorgeous rite?  
With sounding song, that swings and swells  
To rhythm sweet of chiming bells,  
And charm of worldly cheer increased?  
Is this the Christian's Easter feast?



## THE BABBLING BROOK

Nay, nay; the Easter victory  
Is humble heart's sincerity,  
Which, leaving malice in the tomb  
Of buried sin, forsakes its gloom,  
And rises to the joy, high-priced,  
Won for us by our risen Christ!  
Loving for Jesus' sake the least  
Of His — this is the Easter feast!

## THE BABBLING BROOK

'T WAS in the month o' Maying that a  
man and maid went straying  
Blooming fields and meadows green  
a-through.

But what the man was saying, or the pretty  
maid betraying,  
Why, the simple smiling meadows never  
knew! .

Down woodland ways enchanted and through  
flower-brake bird-haunted,  
Where the leaves in gossip whispered low,  
The man and maid went faring, but the  
vows the two were swearing,  
Why, the green and silly leaflets did not  
know!

## A DORIC REED

And still the hour of gloaming found the  
happy pair a-roaming  
By the water-ways in valleys sweet,  
Where a brooklet wise and wily wound  
about their pathway slyly,  
With a song of murmured music at their  
feet.

And aye that brooklet listened, and its waters  
glanced and glistened,  
Till it laughed aloud in gurgling glee,  
As it hurried over highways, through the  
hedges and the by-ways,  
On its way to tell a secret to the sea!

Deem not a word of warning meet for man  
or maiden's scorning,  
Who from morn to eve a-Maying go;  
For brooklets can discover all the words and  
ways of lover,  
And will babble every secret that they  
know!

## WHEN POLLY TAKES THE AIR

A LITTLE wicker basket rolls  
Along the pavement walk,  
And at the sight, the young and old  
Begin to laugh and talk,  
And wave fair hands, and kisses throw,  
And cry: "Look here!" "See there!"  
"This way it comes!" — and all because  
Sweet Polly takes the air!

The newsboys run and shout with glee,  
And follow on behind;  
The coachman and the footman gaze  
As if they had a mind  
To do the same; the good old priest  
Stands still with solemn stare, —  
As down the shady avenue  
Sweet Polly takes the air!

From every window shines a head  
Of clustering, golden curls,  
And every door grows bright with throng  
Of merry boys and girls;  
The butler and the maid forget  
To work, — as on the stair  
They peep and pry, with curious eye,  
When Polly takes the air!

## A DORIC REED

And all the while sweet Polly sits  
In dainty gown and hat,  
And smiles on one she loves the best, —  
Her pretty Maltese cat, —  
And softly coos, when pussy purrs,  
Without a thought or care  
How all the town turns upside down  
When Polly takes the air!

## NANCY'S WAY

WHEN in Fashion's dainty prime  
Pretty Nancy walks the street,  
Half the town is keeping time  
To the rhythm of her feet,  
While the other half looks gay,  
As if smiling lips would say:  
“Nancy, Nancy, darling Nancy,  
Charming Nancy, come this way!”

Bright and blooming as a rose,  
Heeding neither smile nor sigh,  
Down the street sweet Nancy goes,  
Passing all her lovers by,

## NANCY'S WAY

Never granting yea nor nay  
Though the lips and glances pray:  
"Nancy, Nancy, lovely Nancy,  
Please, dear Nancy, come this way!"

Then, between the leafy shades,  
Birds grow bolder, without fear;  
As sweet Nancy promenades  
Sing they louder and more clear,  
Trilling, thrilling roundelay:  
"Glad we are this sunny day;  
Nancy, Nancy, pretty Nancy,  
Darling Nancy comes our way!"

But sweet Nancy's full of care,  
Hears she neither song nor talk,  
Hardly more can maiden bear,  
When she's learning how to walk;  
And her tiny feet will stray  
Spite of all that nurses say.  
Nancy, Nancy, toddling Nancy,  
Nancy has her own sweet way!

## MY GREAT-GREAT UNCLE'S WIFE

ABOVE a quaint old chimney-piece  
A canvas glows with life, —  
You almost look for smile and speech,  
My great-great uncle's wife,  
In lace fichu and feathered toque, —  
A masterpiece of West,  
Who crowned his fame with this proud dame,  
The noble, fair Celeste!

Right loyal blood was hers, I trow,  
In time of peace or war,  
Whose trusty swords were true to France  
And Henry of Navarre!  
Whose hearts and hands ne'er quailed nor  
failed  
When duty made her claim,  
Nor feared a foe, the world could show, —  
Of nation or of name!

But doughty deeds and valiant hearts  
Were helpless to protect  
In Terror's Reign, when every home  
Of France was held "suspect,"  
Till fair Celeste, with woman's wit  
And will, contrived the plan  
To cheat the ear of Robespierre,  
And all his murderous clan!

## GREAT-GREAT UNCLE'S WIFE

One misty morn at brink of day  
A team drove to the line ;  
The sentinel looked grim and called,  
    " Good citizen, the sign ! "  
Quick came the magic talisman,  
    " Ay, citizen, what freight ? "  
" The casks of beer bound for frontier. "  
    " Pass this team through the gate ! "

In cargo safe of friendly ship  
The casks of beer were stored, —  
The most intoxicating beer  
That ever came aboard,  
The Captain said to mate and crew,  
When on the deck appeared  
A velvet cloak and feathered toque,  
And every sailor cheered !

Long reigned this maid and matron fair,  
Of hearts and homes the queen,  
In land that owned no tyrant's rule,  
And feared no guillotine;  
And great-grandsons the story tell  
Of how she won the sign,  
And made small beer of Robespierre,  
The day she passed the line !

## MISS NANCY'S GOWN

**I**N days when George the Third was King  
And ruled the Old Dominion,  
And Law and Fashion owned the sway  
Of Parliament's opinion,  
A good ship brought across the sea  
A treasure fair and fine, —  
Miss Nancy's gown from London town,  
The latest Court design!

The plaited waist from neck to belt  
Scarce measured half a span,  
The sleeves, balloon-like, at the top  
Could hold her feather fan;  
The narrow skirt with bias gore  
Revealed an ankle neat,  
Whene'er she put her dainty foot  
From carriage-step to street!

By skilful hands this wondrous gown  
Of costliest stuff was made,  
Cocoons of France on Antwerp looms  
Wrought to embossed brocade,  
Where roses red and violets  
In blooming beauty grew,  
As if young May were there alway,  
And June and April too!



## MISS NANCY'S GOWN

And from this bower of delight  
Miss Nancy reigned a Queen,  
Nor one disloyal heart rebelled  
In all her wide demesne;  
The noble House of Burgesses  
Forgot its fierce debate  
O'er rights of Crown, when Nancy's gown  
Appeared in Halls of State!

Through jocund reel, or measured tread  
Of stately minuet,  
Like fairy vision shone the bloom  
Of rose and violet,  
As hand in hand with Washington,  
The hero of the day,  
The smiling face and nymph-like grace  
Of Nancy led the way!

A century, since that gay time  
The merry dance was trod,  
Has passed, and Nancy long has slept  
Beneath the churchyard sod;  
Yet on the brocade velvet gown  
The rose and violet  
Are blooming bright as on the night  
She danced the minuet!

## CASTLES IN SPAIN

O'ER many a land I have roamed, and  
have gazed  
On famous cathedral and dome, —  
Westminster, St. Paul's, and the Pope's  
Vatican,  
And noble St. Peter's at Rome;  
On art mediæval and mansions coeval,  
With modern invention and gain;  
But nothing, I ween, 'mong the sights I have  
seen,  
Compares to my castles in Spain!

The Tuileries' splendor, old England's  
grand halls,  
And Venice with palaces fine,  
And legend-crowned castles, and battle-  
ments stern  
That watch o'er the waters of Rhine;  
Tho' glamoured by mystery, famous in  
history,  
Their boasting I calmly disdain,  
Since none of them dare their proud glories  
compare  
To castles I've builded in Spain!

## CASTLES IN SPAIN

The sacred Byzantine of the Sublime Porte—

E'en temples of Athens seem poor;

The gold-bedecked roofs of Haroun Alraschid,

And carved architecture of Moor;

The wondrous Alhambra with pillar and chamber,

Taj Mahal and Mussulman's fane, —

And tall minaret, — they all lack something yet

Compared to my castles in Spain!

For castles like mine can all changes defy —

The ravage of war and of time,

Nor fiercest disaster by wind or by wave

May tarnish their radiant prime;

Than models of Grecian or high art Venetian

Their beauty shall longer remain;

For though time is fleeting, man's heart is still beating

To build his bright castles in Spain!

And right to these castles no man can dispute,

Nor find in my title a flaw;

As treasures in heaven, they're safe from the thief,

And free from the clutches of law;

## A DORIC REED

All question of tariff and action of sheriff  
Assail my possessions in vain,  
For though a whole bevy of them should  
make levy,  
They can't touch my castles in Spain!

## ON AN OLD CABINET

**I**N Boston shop and wareroom stands, —  
A voyager from foreign lands, —  
A rare and curious cabinet,  
With carven doors and drawers, and set  
With quaint, ingenious tracery, —  
A guest from ancient Brittany!

And here and there a secret spring  
Or lock reveals some hidden thing,  
Some nook, or cranny, planned with skill  
To answer to the owner's will,  
And like some folk we know, to hide  
Dark mystery 'neath fair outside.

A full three hundred years ago  
'T was built when human hands were slow;

## ON AN OLD CABINET

But, ah, how sure and deft they were!  
Each builder and artificer  
An artist, bringing to his art  
A skilful hand and loving heart!

What treasures have been hidden there, —  
A ring, — a gem, — a lock of hair, —  
A document of king or state, —  
A subject's love, — a rival's hate, —  
A loss, a triumph, or a gain, —  
Secure from eyes and hands profane!

And many a wondrous sight, I ween,  
The rare old cabinet hath seen  
Of revelry in festive hall,  
And doughty deed on castle wall.  
For words and blows were fierce, when man  
And foe were met in old Bretagne!

And now in world untried and new, —  
Perchance in mansion parvenu, —  
Among a strange and alien race  
The rare old cabinet finds place,  
And ends a history that began  
In proud château of old Bretagne.

## HER NAME

I PONDERED long — you've done the  
same  
No doubt — on what should be the name  
Of that fair one whom Fate and I  
Should choose for true Love's constancy.  
Mythology and legend — classic lore —  
I searched, and yet I looked for something  
more!

Should she be Helen, — goddess? — queen?  
The very name pictures a scene  
Of discord, — I'll not put my Troy  
At such a chance for such a toy.  
Fair Venus made a dupe of young Paris,  
And I'll not risk my heart with that bold  
Miss.

Lucretia was a model dame;  
Besides, — I rather like the name;  
But then I'd fear a tragedy;  
Her mood is too high strung for me.  
Cornelia's fair, — but then she had a way  
Of *repartee* and having the last say!

Virginia! Ah, a charming wife!  
But that I'd always see the knife

## HER NAME

At her white throat, — Iphigenia,  
A martyr whom I much admire!  
Aspasia might suit great Pericles,  
But she would never do for times like  
these!

Rebecca might win Ivanhoe  
(It seems, alas, she did n't, though);  
The proud and beautiful Rowena  
I might have loved, if I had seen her, —  
I'm glad I did n't; — as for Rosamond,  
She's just the woman I would most have  
shunned!

O sweet, O lovely, sad Elaine!  
The very thought of her gives pain;  
And so for royal Guinevere, —  
'T is well she's quite as rare as fair.  
And husbands of the nineteenth century  
Griselda's patience must not look to see.

The Gretchens are not to my taste, —  
Nor Katrines; there is too much waist  
And sauer-kraut; the French madame  
Loves France too well for Uncle Sam.  
Mary's too sacred, and a heart like mine  
Must look for some one rather less divine.

## A DORIC REED

Aurora rises much too soon;  
I like to see the sun — at noon;  
I do not care to wake the flowers  
Nor do I dote on early hours;  
Phyllis and Phœbe love the milking pail;  
I like a beauty rather pale than hale.

Berthas who fill a poet's mind,  
And Mauds, to gardens I resigned.  
In vain my wanton fancy roved;  
I never found the name I loved.  
The girl I met, I love, — yes, I adore her;  
I never asked her name, — they call her Norah!



# SONNETS



## BACH

AS some cathedral vast, whose lofty spire  
Is ever pointing upward to the sky,  
Whose grand proportions, transept, nave,  
and choir,  
Impress with awe, and charm by symmetry, —  
Stupendous pile, where sister arts with grave  
And loving tenderness mould form and  
frieze,  
Adorn entablature and architrave,  
And touch with life the marble  
effigies, —  
So, great tone-master, strength and sweetness dwell  
In thee, close-knit in interwoven chain  
Of harmony, by whose resistless spell,  
Uplifted to sublime, supernal strain,  
The soul shall reach the noble, true, and  
pure, —  
Strong to achieve, and faithful to endure!

## BEETHOVEN

SUBLIMEST Master, thou, of harmony,  
From whose untroubled depths serenely  
flow

The sinuous streams of sweetest melody;

Now in exhaustless fulness dost thou know

The joy divine thy raptured strains foretold;

God's harmony thy prayer hath satisfied,

His music on thy listening ear hath rolled;

Accord unmarred, for which thy spirit  
sighed,

In its completeness, through the eternal years

Is thine; thy yearning soul its echo dim

Didst catch amid thy mortal woes and fears,—

An earnest of the blest, perpetual hymn,

And legacy to us, which shall inspire,

With something of thy pure, celestial fire.

## MOZART

AS through the leafy close the crystal shine  
Of streamlet purling on its way is seen,  
Nor in its mazes down the clust'ring green  
Of interlacing boughs and pendent vine,  
Nor 'neath the shadows of the day's decline  
Is hid, — so doth thy melody's bright  
sheen  
Flash through close harmony's inwoven  
screen;  
And well we call thy matchless strains divine!  
Who lists shall live in Golden Age once  
more,  
Shall catch the voice of sweet Arcadian  
lutes,  
Behold, as erst, glad nymphs dance on  
the shore,  
To tabor's sound and dithyrambic  
flutes, —  
Hear Philomel within the moonlit grove,  
And tuneful shepherd piping to his love.

## MENDELSSOHN

**H**ARK! hear the lark, bold prodigal, elate  
And jubilant, his wealth of music fling  
To listening vales, that all-expectant wait  
The thrilling touch of rosy-fingered  
Spring!

Thus hath she touched thy heart, O  
Mendelssohn,

Till of her life and beauty thou art fain,  
And all her winning witcheries of tone,  
Her coy caprices, and her joyous strain  
Are thine. Lift but thy magic wand, and lo!

Queen Mab and all her fairy court shall  
trip

To chorus of bright waterfalls, and flow  
Of streams melodious 'neath the rhythmic  
dip

Of elfin oars, — while in enchanted boat,  
On sounds mellifluous, we dream and  
float!

## SCHUMANN

WHAT subtleties of song upon the loom  
Of Time, O Schumann, thy bold Fancy  
weaves, —  
Now gorgeous tapestries of shimmering  
leaves,  
Melodious birds, and fragrant fields of  
bloom; —  
And now a gossamer-spun canopy  
Meet for Olympian gods, and bright with  
beams  
Of never-fading stars, we see in dreams,  
And visions born of raptured ecstasy!  
Anon, on smooth-wrought texture of sweet  
tones, —  
A sudden, plaintive wail of dissonance,  
Caught in the warp and woof of fair romance,  
Of joy's high carnival, or grief's low moans.  
Rare Weaver! — ere thy fabric's lustre pale,  
Time's shuttle, weary grown, itself shall fail!

## SCHUBERT

WHO would know thee, a loving heart  
must bring,  
And hear with his heart's ears; else shall he  
miss  
Thy perfect message and his own true  
bliss, —  
As bird that fain would soar on single wing,  
But faints and falls in its unequal flight;  
For deepest depths of human tenderness  
Are thine, — the mother's love and dear  
caress,  
The wanderer's longing for the blessed sight  
Of home and Fatherland, the lover's heart,  
Wild with despair, or thrilled with joyance  
sweet  
Of happy souls who full requital meet.  
Thus nature's yearnings find in thee a part;  
O gentlest Master of them all, — since pain  
And joy do live, thou hast not lived in vain!



## CHOPIN

O SOUL most beautiful, and loving heart!  
O bright, wild bird, — now crooning on  
thy nest,

Now soaring, sped by a divine unrest, —  
How Nature speaks through thy perfected  
Art! —

Till from our eyes ecstatic tears do start,  
Till all our soul and senses are possest,  
And we must weep or smile at thy behest,  
And in thine ever changing mood take part,  
Like watchers on enchanted Mount, who  
see

Fair visions pass at a magician's call, —  
The fairer for their cloud of mystery, —  
Who feel the necromancer's spell and  
fall

Entranced beneath its pow'r, nor would  
be free,  
So deep the rapture and so sweet the  
thrall!

## PATIENCE

YOUTH, full of golden visions, looked  
far down

The vista of the future, where stood three  
So fair, so like to goddesses, that he  
At sight of them did thrill with joy; a crown  
In hand of each, and promise of renown,

With which they beckoned all who  
looked, — their name

Pleasure and Wealth and Honor. Thou-  
sands came

With hearts untouched by pain, and some  
would drown

All thought of what they were and what had  
been.

With eager feet he hastened: — “I am  
blest

If I but touch their garment’s hem!”

When lo,

A sober matron heretofore unseen

Thus spoke: — “Patience am I; take  
me, and know

That having me, thou shalt have all the  
rest!”

## SUCCESS

WHO says that he who hath not won  
success

Hath failed, — or low endeavor crowned,  
compares

To that high failure which hath felt the stress

Of lofty purpose, — noble aim that dares,  
Like him who with Apollo strove, to cope

With mightiest, though haply doomed,  
the goal

To miss? Do secret springs not feed his  
hope,

Untasted by the base, ignoble soul?

Ill-fated Marsyas! was all thy pain

For naught? Nay, thou didst see a fair  
god's grace,

Thine ear did drink his lyre's divinest strain

And yet diviner voice. What can efface

Thy joy, — and thy most glorious unsuccess

O'er Phrygia flowed in stream of fruitfulness!

## PONTIUS PILATE

WHERE'ER, O Roman, in God's  
universe  
Thou hast thy being, — in what distant  
sphere  
Thy conscious spirit dwells, — is thine the  
curse,  
The endless iteration thus to hear:  
“Who suffered under Pontius Pilate.” —  
Aye  
To thrill with pain at childhood's lisplings  
sweet,  
And strong men's pleadings, that long ages  
pray: —  
“Since Thou hast suffered, kneel we at  
Thy feet!”  
Nay, nay, — I see thee in that ancient Gaul,  
Wailing thy wavering will with sore  
lament,  
And washing thy weak hands in bitter thrall  
To that remembered sin thou didst repent;  
I hear thee speak from out eternity: —  
“This man whom I condemned declares  
me free.”

## TO WORDSWORTH

THAT thou hast lived, the common  
things of earth, —

The humble daisy and bright daffodil,  
The lowly, meek-eyed blossom that hath  
birth

By dreary marsh and wayside hedge, the  
rill

That winds its way thro' forest-shades  
unseen;

The very air we breathe, the light of day,  
The sea's soft murmur, and the field's sweet  
green;

The anchored cloud that slips and sails  
away,

The woodland echoes and the song of birds,  
Come to our souls with sacred meaning  
fraught,

All radiant with the beauty of thy words,  
And rich with wealth of thy sublimest  
thought, —

For thou hast made life's daily board a feast,  
O poet-seer and Nature's great High Priest!

## THE LONELY SHORE

O LONELY, patient shore, waiting the  
tide

In grief! — thou dost not know grief's  
sorest pain;

Since heaven and earth, so long as they abide,  
Are pledged, thy waiting shall not be in  
vain, —

He shall return, — the stars shall faint and  
fail,

The faithful moon her vigilance forego, —  
Ere fiercest foe thy wanderer assail,

Or direst ill his purpose overthrow !  
For our beloved we watch with trembling  
hearts, —

In weariness we wake and weep and  
wait, —

Haunted by fear and goaded by his darts,  
Beguiled by hope, and mocked by jesting  
fate, —

Till pain with joy doth half the triumph  
share, —

Or, doomed at last, we languish in despair!

## A SONNET

WHAT is a sonnet? — Ay, a jewel rare  
Within a crystal casket deftly caught, —  
A magic flute, whose fourteen stops are  
fraught

With one divine and soul-entrancing air, —  
A wreathèd shell, whose convolutions fair  
Are to such flawless symmetry enwrought  
It ever murmurs music it hath brought  
From deeps which many a wondrous secret  
bear, —

A perfect form and spirit, as the rose,  
Who stirs not from the confines of her  
throne,

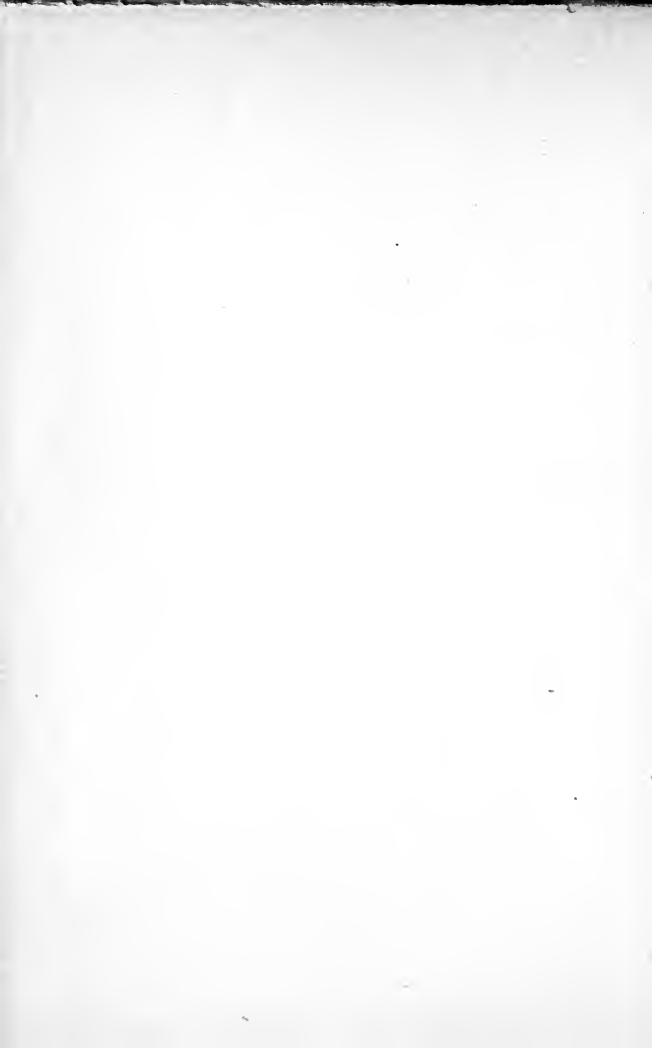
Yet fills the spaces of the garden close  
With luscious scent and beauty all her  
own, —

A captive nightingale in golden bars,  
Singing a song of rapture to the stars!

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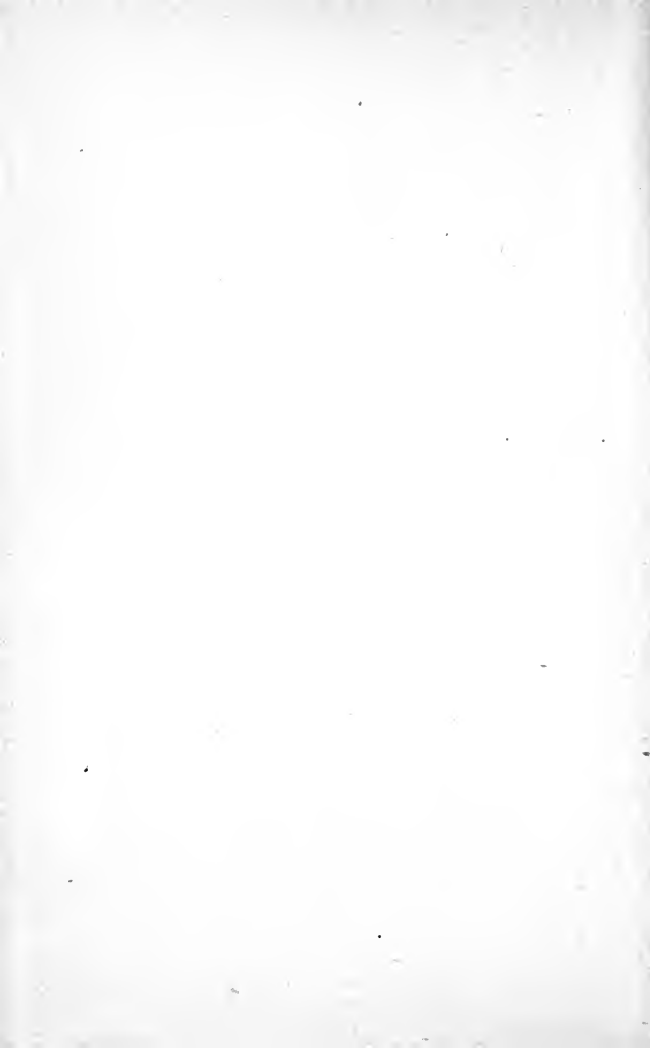












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